2, Northwick Park Rd
Harrow, Middlesex.
Tues. May 18th 1965

Dearest René

I hear my last evening (when I 'phoned Douglas C. and something) of poor Rosalind being kicked by a horse and injured. I am most terribly sorry and I do hope she is recovering. Please give her my love. I would of course have written ere since but I knew, but last evening was the first time I had spoken to Douglas since his return from staying with Jm. The time goes so quickly and he has been busy and has thought but he has 'phoned me previously — I mean since his return from Jm, but he has not. Anyway he said that Nest & he had had a loving time with Jm & he loves the house & its whole situation. He also told Rosalind, in spite of her accident, was cheerful — But what a blasted thing to happen. I hope Jm got a letter I sent some time back. I wonder if Harman & Margaret are still with Jm? I should 'phone & Harman a few days before they were going over to Jm.

Douglas also said that Jm listens to Tu Fatigue on the evening, or FERIA VI in Parasceve — I'm glad Jm was able to do that. as I did my maximum to make be possible.* Being extraordinary this damned radio thing — here I can get the Welsh Home Service (I can get the whole up on the Hill) & yet Jm in Italy with the two boys. & Julia is looking after Douglas, she came just returns for the Aegean. I understand Charles don't get [illegible]

*I'm appalled by the liturgical situation — I don't know — but no, I can go into what I felt about that here, but.

It was very nice that it was followed by Palestrina's Stabat Mater & Vexilla Regis.

get the 3rd pro. away beyond the South Channel
or Môr Iwerddon.
This is not a letter but a note merely
to say how terribly sorry I am about
Rosalind's accident & to send Joan all
my love.
In a pretty awful mess here for the time being
as they are making radical constructional
alterations in this building & I have to
move to another room (with the same aspect)
but I don't
know quite when — but at the moment
it's pretty chaotic with only a curtain
& a bit of cardboard for one wall of my
room & permanent electric light.* It's
very like a dungeon — heaty with little
an indescribable clutter of stuff. & drains
humming away just beyond the curtain
& sounding awfully like a cockle or
Laurie Cribbs, opposite above this desk.
Much love
Dai

* as it is dark as the inside of a cow without the electric light.

Much love to Joan & Rosalind
& I do like this quiz on
all right.

* but they haven't got on to mules yet.

Am sending you a copy in another envelope
of a short bit of stuff of mine called
The Hunt in magazine Agenda.

Forgive brevity of this note, but various
stupid things to try & do & not wh to make & pretty
depressed, but wanted to catch post with this message — Hasty!
have lost post altogether.